

Joe Fixit

III Bill

I got killers that'll kill your killers
I got gorillas that'll kill gorillas
I got shooters that'll shoot your shooters
Tipsy off the Rosé and a clip of Buddha
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Children of God, Planet of Apes, ratchets and blades
Hatchets attached to AKs, like bayonets that spray pain, listen
Kookier than nuclear terrorist in Times Square
Angel of Death, my mind's there
Prophets of Rage, creep on me, you're locked in a cage
Like Leo or Ozzy live at L'amour's rocking the stage
My bars are V/H/S, call me Dahmer-mouth
Poop in Rihanna's mouth, shoot up your mama's house
Spray the gun like Terminator 1, you're afraid to run
I got a hundred banana clips, I spray for fun
Bang on my chest like King Kong, invader, thug
Cult Leader with the chrome heater and a plate of drugs
Summer rains for forty days like an ancient flood
While I've reigned in blood for over twenty years
Meet the plug!

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Yo, it's been told that we outta control, violent and cold
This that street shit, you should abide by the code
I ain't never signing my soul for diamonds and gold
When I walk into the room bitches' vaginas explode
We used to, steal to eat and sleep in the streets
Pull up in the black Caprice and leave 'em deceased
We handling biz, y'all ain't even keep the receipts
They ain't getting no confession, we don't speak to police
They want to get inside my head and try to stop me with hypnosis
Blocking out distractions, so don't talk to me, I'm focused (shut up!)\nEver since a youngin I've been cocky and ferocious
Grinding on these joints like osteoporosis
You motherfuckers soft like goose down and Velour
Every town that we tour we astounding the viewer
Yeah, we got that heavy shit, you're just a pound of manure
Call me Stephen King, the way I put a clown in the sewer
Ripper!

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